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# Bohemia



BOHEMIA.

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*By Charles  
H. S.  
Waltman*

READ BEFORE THE WITENAGEMOTE ON FRIDAY EVENING,  
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## BOHEMIA.

**W**HEN I decided in cold blood to try to wring out from some given subject something which I hoped might serve as an evening's entertainment, it occurred to me that the length, breadth, thickness, and consistency of that entertainment would be enhanced if I could hit upon some topic which is not discussed in careful detail in all of the encyclopedias published.

Thus I happened to choose Bohemia and her citizens. There is but one formality which I feel called upon to observe, and that is to announce at the outset that it is not my intention to teach any especial lesson in geography.

Very early in the fifteenth century a lot of muscular, furry, unkempt people wandered away from the mountains and forests between the Caspian and Baltic seas to the more cul-

tured wildernesses of western Europe. The people of this western country fancied, or at least believed, that their visitors, wild, irresponsible, picturesque, and absolutely careless, had come from the land in the East known to them as Bohemia, and so they called the new-comers Bohemians. Thus the word Bohemian has ever since been synonymous with independence of thought and action, carelessness as to formalities, and indifference to laws. Later on the Bohemians cast off another branch of a similar character, to which the name of gypsies has been given.

I simply give this brief historical reference to indicate what to me seems in all probability the origin of the word Bohemian in its late nineteenth-century significance as applied to the modern inhabitant of civilized and populous centers.

In this connection I regret to say that the name Bohemian is used contemptuously by some, by others it is elevated to a pinnacle of honor and fame, and by few, very few, it is intelligently disposed of. There are varieties of Bohemians, just as there are varieties of scientists and varieties in idiocy.

My purpose this evening is to pass over the days of the "Cat and the Fiddle" and the "Kit-Kat Club," and to take you among more modern delightful places and crowds the existence of which makes this life more bearable.

It is said that Mirabeau, the great orator and revolutionist, was never so happy as when snubbing "Podsnappery," and that Thomas Carlyle called him, once upon a time, "The Swallower of Formulas." If that is true, I look upon Mirabeau as one of the great original Bohemians.

And yet we are told that, half a century or more after that man's time, the only, original, new "Bohemia" was discovered in the Latin Quarter by one Mürger; that when he died, about thirty years ago, "Bohemia" passed away. It is claimed also that the second only and original "Bohemia" was uncovered to public gaze in London, about 1863, by Edward M. Whitley, who carried it with him to Australia a year or two later, where he and it died.

About 1865, when the people of these United States of America had stopped to draw a long breath and to heave the first great sigh of relief and surprise over the mammoth proportions of the sanguinary picture they had been painting, when those years of continuous dismay were being followed instantly but very briefly by a period of social, financial, and commercial chaos, then, in a small half basement in Broad Street, just off from Broadway, "Bohemia" was again discovered, and they called it Pfaff's Place.

About this time the following estimate of our fair land and its friends was published in *Temple Bar* (magazine), which said in 1863: "Bohemia! Ay, it is a pleasant region. Perdita is queen there, doubtless,— 'queen of curds and cream,'— queen of lobster salad and iced champagne. Autolycus sings his ballads there 'when comes in the sweet of the year'! It is the gayest, thirstiest, laziest, least opulent realm in Europe. It hath many troubadours and few financiers. Its atmosphere breathes youth; there is abundant ozone in the ether which surrounds it. That newly discovered metal, rubidium, which exists in tobacco and the grapes, is Bohemia's

favorite currency. Tall are the goblets of this famous kingdom, merry are its songs, variable its hours of breakfast and of supper. The Bohemian race love midnight and the short hours, and have a strong distaste for those habits of early rising which bring a man abroad before the world is thoroughly aired."

The London *Athenæum* (magazine), less poetic, but more of an oracle than its neighbor, said: "Bohemia, as we suppose every one is aware, is a cant term for a section of London, the part inhabited by clever fellows with much reputation and pretty women with very little, by the classes who are said to live on their wits—journalists and politicians, artists and dancers."

(That 's a rather clever hitching up of the team, where journalists and artists are made to pull together with politicians and dancers; but it is not very painful, whether true or false.)

Does Bohemia exist? you ask. Yes, it is here, there, and everywhere, disdaining the conventionalities of geography, and resenting the commonplace mathematics of chain and compass. Buried for centuries beneath stupendous accumulations of wilful mediocrity, pretense, and other rubbish, it has as yet forced itself only here and there to the surface of the sea of life, forming a vast archipelago which basks in the sunlight of intelligence and is rich with the fragrance of laudable ambition, earnestness, honesty of purpose, and fair dealing—sweet blossoms to be laid at the feet of Nature.

When first impressed with the idea of offering this topic



for your consideration, I disclosed the purpose to my wife, and she remarked that it would be an easy matter to locate "Bohemia." When I asked as to its whereabouts, she informed me that it was in the clouds, and that I live there a great share of the time. I think her answer was an inspiration, for it suggested to me the search which resulted in the finding of the preceding quotations from English magazines, and it forced upon me the conviction that the people at large are common in their erratic estimate as to Bohemia.

Erratic because of its unfairness.

I do not charge that this mistake and injustice is a fabrication, a deliberate attempt to wrong; for the very extracts referred to are but examples of hundreds of similar ones, all written by Bohemians, and each one well calculated to mislead.

An excellent illustration of what I wish to show is found in a little sonnet, written, it is said, on a beer-soaked round table at Pfaff's Place, by George Arnold, the poet, and "King of Bohemia" at the time. The verses are doubtless familiar to most if not all of you, but they are good enough for repetition,—if you will bear with me,—even though the reading be poor.

Here,  
With my beer,  
I sit,  
While golden moments flit.  
Alas!  
They pass

Unheeded by ;  
And, as they fly,  
I,  
Being dry,  
Sit, idly sipping here  
My beer.

Oh, finer far  
Than fame or riches are  
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free cigar !  
Why  
Should I  
Weep, wail, or sigh ?  
What if luck has passed me by ?  
What if my hopes are dead —  
My pleasures fled ?  
Have I not still  
My fill  
Of right good cheer —  
Cigars and beer ?

Go, whining youth,  
Forsooth !  
Go, weep and wail,  
Sigh and grow pale,  
Weave melancholy rimes  
On the old times,  
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear ;  
But leave me to my beer !



Gold is dross;  
Love is loss:  
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,  
Or see them drown  
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,  
Then do I wear the crown —  
Without the cross!

In this connection, I want to tell a little story of Joseph Jefferson not published in his biography. I do this as a sort of between-acts recreation.

You will remember that there was given in New York, a few years ago, a benefit performance as a testimonial, I think, to Lester Wallack. The play was "Hamlet," and in the famous list of players who took part was the name of Joseph Jefferson, who was cast, I believe, for the *First Grave-digger*. It is said that after the rehearsal for the performance a well-known actor and intimate friend of Mr. Jefferson drew him aside and said, "Look here, Joe, you did n't play that part as you could if you crawled into it body and soul." To which the immortal "Rip" answered, "That's all right; the part plays itself, so long as one speaks the lines." Thus it is with George Arnold's little beer-song. It sings itself, so long as one speaks the lines.

However, to return to the unfair and probably unconscious error made by the public in its estimate of Bohemia.

Because Mürger once said that Bohemianism is "possible only in Paris"; because a Mr. Whitley has claimed that a

Bohemian is a person who lives outside of society ; because *Temple Bar* proclaims Bohemia “ the gayest, thirstiest, laziest, and least opulent realm in Europe ” ; in consequence of the cynical shot from the London *Athenæum*, which says, “ Bohemia is inhabited by people who live on their wits,” and as a result of George Arnold’s glorious dream over a glass of beer — for these things, and thousands of others like them, the public in general has a wrong opinion of this Bohemia, this perpetual tourney-ground, where strong, fair-minded manhood and womanhood are always in the lists participating in the bouts with Snobbery, Deceit, Pretense, Avarice, Selfishness, and a hundred and one other phases of little narrow characteristics. It is here that those last-named combatants who do not leave the arena through fright before the fight is finished invariably meet defeat.

Let me picture to you, as I have seen it, the popular public view of Bohemia. It is a realm where cynicism, irreverence, laziness, dishonesty, drunkenness, vice of all kinds, hold a continuous revel, with only a little leaven of brains as an excuse for its existence. To reduce the picture, or rather your view of it as I hold it up, I’ll cover up a portion, showing you a fragment only — a fragment, by the way, which exists in replica in nearly every large city, and in some of the smaller ones, in the land. This fragment shows a club-room and its group of congenial spirits, all Bohemians, but of varying degrees of perfection.

First, the very name of club-room is a positive nightmare to the public in general, so that when it is peddled about that

an especial club-room is the scene of Bohemianistic revels, the climax comes. That little bit of humanity, the simon, pure and absolute society man, amiable, impressionable, and much sought after, has as his topic each evening the story of some "awfully improper act those fellahs perpetrated down in that nawsty club-room"; his companion bore, the chap who can barely understand a good talk, but who is sufficient to serve, on a pinch, as an audience, tells what "those conceited book-worms talked about down at that terribly exclusive and most tedious club-room"; and so the picture is painted until the general public sees, through a dense bank of tobacco-smoke, a crowd of half-drunken men lying on the floor in the midst of accumulations of cigar-stumps, beer-bottles, and corks, and using as pillows for their heads after their frightful debauch copies of the works of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Boccaccio, Paul de Cock, and so on *ad infinitum*.

That this is not a true conception it is unnecessary to say to a Bohemian.

That it is believed to be true by the general public is the fault of Bohemians.

That this same public shall be shown their error is, in a way, the duty of Bohemians.

I use the qualification "in a way," because I do not want any one in this room to believe that I have at last reached my hobby, and that that hobby is the reformation, right off, of the world. That is not my purpose. I do, however, most firmly believe that Bohemians, without trenching on their pleasures, and without making inroads on their study hours, may refute

and successfully contradict the popular verdict. More than that, I believe they should make the defense whenever opportunity offers, and, when necessary, should make the opportunity, if it can be done decently.

Instead of harping continuously upon the sad infirmity of Edgar Allan Poe, hold up his better life, and present to your opponent the transcendent genius of the man. Instead of listening quietly to attacks upon the vulnerable points of such men as Thoreau and Walt Whitman, hold aloft the glories of two of the greatest Bohemians this country has ever seen. Do not laugh and coincide with whomever says that "Mark Tapley" and "Dick Swiveller" were typical Bohemians, but contradict most earnestly, and as proofs on your side, and from the same source from which they have taken their alleged types, show them the character of the immortal "Sidney Carton." When some pretentious, skin-stretched cynic declares that ever since Bohemia has existed the inhabitants thereof have been notoriously drunkards, libertines, and roistering scalawags, just direct their attention to the fact that through all time vices of that character have been very fairly apportioned among all people, Bohemian and non-Bohemian. Ask them to recall those periods in the past when the non-Bohemianistic gentry were not gentle unless they could exhibit their various mistresses and bastards; were not noble hosts until they had won the nobility by drinking their guests under the table. Tell the cynic that the titled drunkards and whoremongers of the past are not found in the same list with Goethe, Shakspeare, Mozart, Byron, Shelley, Charlotte

Brontë, Spencer, Huxley, Rosa Bonheur, George Eliot, Darwin, Amelia Edwards, Maria Mitchell, Edison, Alice Carey, Whistler, Corot, and so on, all Bohemians of varying degrees of perfection; all, probably, had some of the faults of human kind, but human kind has developed but very few having their excellences.

That George Arnold, Walt Whitman, Charles Gayler, Fitz-James O'Brien, S. F. B. Morse, J. F. Cropsey, Ned Wilkins, William Winter, E. H. House, and other kindred spirits saw fit to seek the hospitable walls of Pfaff's Place for their pipes, beer, and social sessions is no proof that those men were disreputable. It does not annihilate the manhood and superb genius of a Whitman or an Arnold; it offers no contradiction to the revolution wrought by Professor Morse; it does not dim the place in the history of American art held by Cropsey, nor does it lessen the high esteem in which Messrs. Winter, Wilkins, and House are held as journalists and litterateurs.

Two or three years ago I was present in the office of a well-known business man, my visit being reportorial in character. While there a third party (an absolute wreck, both physically and mentally, of a college-bred man, who at one time occupied an enviable position as a newspaper writer in this city) entered the office. With an assurance possible only through an entire absence of self-respect, the last caller begged a trifle of the business man, who, as though well used to such visits, at once handed out the fee, and the visitor departed. Turning to me, the business man remarked, "Poor fellow, I knew



him at his best, and as a penalty now I have to give him alms each week. He's nothing now but a regular Bohemian."

I took issue at once with the man, and fairly dazed him by telling him that while the debased, filthy, and complete wretch who had just left us was not in any sense a Bohemian, I considered a very prominent Detroit business man — giving his name — a good type of one grade of Bohemianism. Amazed by what he considered my impudence, my friend asked me to explain. I told the gentleman I based my estimate of the gentleman named, as one grade of a Bohemian, purely on my knowledge that he is a wealthy man who successfully manages a vast business enterprise, and upon hearsay evidence that he likes a tippie now and then, and is a student, especially of history; that he is said to be, by those who know him best, a generous, benevolent old gentleman, while in the estimation of the general public he is an avaricious, penurious old pill. The good qualities, barring the business ability, were, I told my questioner, invariably found in the Bohemian; and I added that possessing those qualities, and being oppositely estimated by the public, was almost proof positive of the possession of a Bohemianistic nature.

Perchance you may some time be met with the opinion that Bohemians are such dreamers! This will be said in a pitying, patronizing way, if you happen yourself to be a Bohemian. When you get such an opportunity, I would suggest that you retaliate with the sentiment that though the Bohemian may be a dreamer, he looks upon life as a reality and a privilege most precious; that he does not believe, as some

one once said, that "youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret"; that, while he delights in dreaming, he finds greater pleasure in studying to solve the mysteries of his dreams, and that the climax of his entertainment comes when, having evolved two or three rational solutions to those riddles, he finds that not one is conclusive or satisfying. Thus he forces his dreams to a condition of utility. They are made to furnish food for his appetite for study and investigation.

A notable local example of what I choose to call the dreaming Bohemian is furnished in my mind by a well-known government official in this city, whom you all know. If "Davy" thought that he had a conventional hair in his head, he would pull it out, and if he did not believe that his dreams are, all of them, the nuclei to practical solutions of most of the troublesome topics of the time, his occupation would be gone.

I remember that some time ago "Davy" and a group of "confederates," as he termed them, were discussing life and the surest way to get the greatest satisfaction therefrom. "Now, I've got a farm out near Ann Arbor," he said; "and I believe that if I were so situated that I could do it, I should be not only happy but a benefactor to mankind could I spend the rest of my days there."

One of the group questioned, "What could you do on that farm? The soil would n't raise turnips."

To this he replied, "Well, I'd raise cabbages, then. Hang it, I need n't raise anything! I'd have the soil, and the grass, and the trees, and the sky, would n't I?"

His position being granted, he continued, "Well, I'd frolic around with those things, letting 'em have their own way for the pleasures they gave me, and then I'd work to earn three or four dollars a week, enough to live on."

Thus, you see, while our friend gave voice to a veritable dream, he was willing to work that the solution of the dream might be reached; he was Bohemianistic to the degree that he would be fearless as to the morrow, and brave in thought, having confidence that each day would take care of itself. To this condition of mind, as he foreshadowed it, we who know "Davy, the dreaming Bohemian," must add that he is a thinker and a student, broad-minded and unpretentious, not fond of society as the world knows it, and absolutely frank, upright, and manly.

I have even heard classed as a Bohemian a citizen of Detroit who, quite wealthy by inheritance, and possessed of a superb physique, has used up the days and blessings of nature in a continuous struggle to invent, and tell effectively, filthy stories. That has been his single aim in life.

Compare such a person with a Bohemian — our friend the lawyer-doctor, E. C. S. There is a man who by hard work has not only acquired a safe competency, but who has become learned in literature, the sciences, and the law. He is a most devoted student and admirer of nature, companionable and broad-minded; not a disciple of society, not a dreamer. Plain in habit and manner, and far beyond the grasp of pretense, he has a dreamland outside the realm of business, and there he revels.



Another Bohemian whom I have noted and whom I admire may not be known to some of you, but he is, in spite of years of toil amid the boxes and barrels of the grocery business, a veritable Bohemian. I refer to a man who for over thirty years has been a clerk in a grocery-store in Detroit. Excessively modest, he is at the same time one of the most manly men I ever knew. To the full extent of his opportunities he has been a student, his best books having been men's faces and the happenings about him. A careful but not a voracious reader, he has thoroughly informed himself on a great many topics. Absolutely frank and honest, he is also generous. Fond of athletic sports, he is also gentle and sympathetic. Utterly opposed to pretense of all kinds, he is always foremost and heartiest in his recognition of merit. In brief, although he does not drink or smoke, he is in my opinion one of the finest examples of Bohemianism in this city.

I need not stop my local list here, for, while you may not have noted it (may not have been so deeply interested in the matter as I have been), there are a number of fair examples (not counting any such who may belong to this club) of Bohemianism in this city. For instance, there is an artist here whose bookish education, somewhat limited, was acquired as a boy on a sailing-vessel between New York and Marseilles; as a drummer-boy, and later a soldier, during the war of the Rebellion; as a carpenter and joiner after the war, and after that as decorator and painter. He has had the courage to face poverty without flinching, and the manhood to win in the fight, his chief purpose being to satisfy his long-

ings as a student of nature. Diffident to almost a painful degree, and with only his honesty both as a man and as an artist, teaching himself and punishing himself, he has finally reached a point where he sees light ahead and is supremely happy.

Then there is that stanch, honest German, Detroit's only sculptor. We all know him as the father of one of our most noted young American painters. There is a man having a wide fund of knowledge, views most liberal, and a nature most gentle. Fond of all arts, he is also a passionate lover of the rod and gun. He has no use for conventional society, and yet he is most sociable. Fair, frank, and kind-hearted, he is an admirable example of the inhabitant of the little island of Bohemia which has come to the surface in this city.

Where can be found a better Bohemian than is that well-known Detroit business man and art patron, who follows a scientific calling both for pleasure and material profit, but who finds his best and most satisfactory recreation in following up a special field in archæology? Modest in manner and in claims, companionable and valuable as such, public-spirited and generous, he is first of all a student. Neither conceited nor pedantic, he is mentally a strong man. Not a society man, he is broad in his views as to society, and because the Wite-nagemotes see fit to have their pipes and beer once a week he would not complain any more than he would protest over a Communion Day service in some church, or the presence of the "old masters" by the side of his superb gift of antique curios.

Speaking of churches reminds me of another excellent Bohemian in this city, the Rev. C. L. H——, a man who is

proud of his cloth and his muscle; a clever sparrer both with his hands and his brains; a man of broad views, but who is continually seeking to widen his mental vision, and who in doing this never hesitates to exercise his rights as a man in any fair manner.

I have held up to your view a few very sketchy outline drawings of a number of characters which I have called Bohemianistic, some of world-wide fame, others of only local renown; great minds and lesser ones, some wealthy, others poor. My purpose has been to show to you my understanding as to the great variety of that much-abused character, and to demonstrate that while lasciviousness and intemperance of various kinds may have been strong characteristics of some, the general showing in that direction will compare favorably with that record in its application to people who are not Bohemians.

I have said that Bohemia has for centuries been buried beneath stupendous accumulations of wilful mediocrity. By that term I mean that the world is filled with men of very little mental power who also lack the ambition to cultivate that little. Such a man may acquire wealth, and often does, but unless he shows with his improved material condition a sincere desire to improve himself mentally, he can never obtain a permanent place in Bohemia.

On the other hand, the man who is not, in the general sense, an educated person, may, upon the exhibition of a sincere and earnest desire to improve his mind, gain entrance to the glorious precincts of Bohemia. He will be received there at his full value, and, rich or poor, the satisfaction he has as

such resident is in exact ratio to his possession of the qualities of ambition, sincerity, frankness, and honesty.

By ambition I mean the quality which will prompt him sincerely to struggle for better mental and material conditions, and which will give him the courage (if in the struggle he finds he must let go of one or the other of his desires) to cling to his desire for intellectual advancement.

When I say the Bohemian must be honest, I mean that he must be willing to confess ignorance when confronted by some proposition or condition about which he is ignorant; which will prompt him to wipe his eyes openly and aboveboard when caught at the theater crying over the play, instead of indulging in the sneaking blowing-of-the-nose equivocation.

I do not mean that a Bohemian must be rude, or lack self-esteem, when I say he must be frank. I mean rather that he must have the quality which breeds convictions and the courage of those convictions, and which, also, develops the bulwark of common sense to the sufficient degree that such frankness is not indulged in out of place.

By honesty I mean that a man must want to be a Bohemian because of the good he may receive, the benefits he may enjoy, and the good he may bestow, believing that he can obtain those favors only by being in earnest about it.

Is it not possible for a person wilfully mediocre in all qualities except an abnormal development of self-assurance and pretense to obtain entrance to Bohemia?

True, he may; but not a permanent citizenship. While as a permanent citizen his assurance may be tolerated, he must

drop his pretense. Dropping that and cultivating his mental resources will wear away self-assurance in short order. I might mention examples in almost every profession where charlatantry has been abandoned and legitimate success has followed, but I have yet to learn of a single permanent success where charlatantry was the purpose and self-assurance the sole motive power.

John T. Raymond was a success as an actor, being considered all over this country as one of the very best of what was called an eccentric-character actor. *Colonel Sellers*, as depicted in the play, was not a success because, while he had all the impudence possible, he was always a pretender.

Some years ago a gentleman came to this city who was an inveterate conversationalist, and a good one at that. His presence was attractive, and his fund of argument, anecdote, and humor was inexhaustible. He came well recommended, and was received accordingly.

He was an artist, or claimed to be, and that was where he overleaped himself. He had many fine qualities, and had the fatal one — pretense. He was not an artist, not a painter. He sold a number of his pictures at very high prices here; but with all of his self-assurance, education, and companionable qualities, he could not keep down his pretense, and at last he was cast aside. To-day there are in this city for sale, at whatever price can be obtained, two of his paintings which were sold, at the height of his popularity here, at large figures.

No such record can be shown against such a man as Whistler, and yet no one will doubt his assurance; against Tuck-



erman, Emerson, Hammerton, Artemus Ward, Bob Ingersoll, Joe Jefferson, because, whatever else may be said against them, you cannot call them pretenders. They are men who, while they realized that it was possible to be successful as *Mercutio*, knew that it was not possible to win as *Don Caesar de Bazan*.

Is it possible, always, to know a genuine Bohemian upon acquaintance? That is a question which was once presented to me, and at the time I gave, without hesitation, an affirmative reply, qualifying the answer somewhat by explaining that by an acquaintance I meant a somewhat intimate acquaintance, extending over a period of at least two years.

I would make the same reply now to a similar question, with the single reservation of the one man known to history who came very near being a Bohemian, who was, possibly, at one time in his life a perfect Bohemian, and yet who may not have been at any time a Bohemian.

King Ludwig II. of Bavaria is the single human puzzle who has alternately been credited to and cast out of Bohemia by the world at large. We all know that physically he was a fine figure, that his face was a handsome one, and that his knowledge of music, architecture, and the arts was almost phenomenal. We know that by birth he had any position, intellectually or materially, open to him. His course, when the fate of Germany depended on the action of Bavaria, is a matter of history, and the part he took in making Munich an art center second only to Paris tells of his possession of most of the Bohemianistic qualities to a remarkable degree.

On the other hand, is the claim that he was a Bohemian successfully refuted by the historical record of his wild, weird horseback rides from night to morning, under the roofs of his stables? Is the fact that he so successfully exploited Liszt's discovery — Richard Wagner — proof that he was a Bohemian? Because he was supremely happy when alone with his rocks, his trees, and the sky and air about him, and because he found it both a physical and a mental impossibility to withstand the vanities, pretense, and tedious conventionalities of a court reception, are these things proofs that he was not a Bohemian? To decline to undergo the cheap, transient, and noisy details of a public demonstration, was not that essentially Bohemianistic?

And yet, when he threw himself and his doctor into the infinite, there were some who, as they stood on the banks of the little lake in the mountains waiting for the recovery of the bodies, engaged in discussions as to whether or not Louis was insane or only just a Bohemian.

Has a Bohemian any fault? I fancy I hear some one ask, through a mistaken idea that I have concluded.

I would reply that he has one. That is to say, nine tenths of the Bohemians have one great fault, and the situation is a particularly sad one from the fact that it seems an impossibility to correct that fault, even though it is also a fact that every Bohemian knows the nature of that fault better than any one can tell him.

Nine tenths of the Bohemians have no knowledge of business methods or business requirements.

They are to the Bohemian big black beasts which are perpetually standing in his way.

He would avoid them, but knows no route save the well-beaten paths leading to their dens; and so he goes, pitying the shin-bones and skulls of those victims who have gone before him, his sole prayer in his helplessness being that when they get him for good and for all he will digest rapidly.

CHARLES S. HATHAWAY.











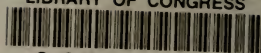




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